

LADIES MUSEUM.

VOL. 1.

"BLENDING THE USEFUL WITH THE SWEET."

NO. 7.

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LADIES MUSEUM.

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Miscellany.

[ORIGINAL AND SELECTED.]

FOR THE LADIES MUSEUM. FASHIONABLE SLANDER.

What a blessing would it be to society at large, could females, both old and young, be taught to know their dignity and importance, and how much the safety, the honor and the happiness of society depend upon their *good* conduct. How often do envy, bitterness, and even *slander*, enter the *social circle*, to blast, and chill, and freeze, the noblest and the most endearing feelings of the human heart—from such 'social circles' the *benevolent* mind turns with disgust. But however disrespectful such scenes may appear to the virtuous and the amiable, yet they are almost daily exhibited to the attentive observer. In charity we owe to our friends and acquaintance complacency and good feelings, and a forgiveness of small and trivial faults. There is sorrow and trouble enough in this world, we all know, without increasing the amount by unkindly cooling our friends and increasing our enemies, by an obliquity of conduct, disgraceful in itself, and revolting to every liberal mind.

"Happening to be present the other eveng at a social circle, I met one of those beautiful accomplished females who seem born to be the delight and admiration of their friends and acquaintance. Her conversation was chaste, sprightly, full of wit and good humor, indicating a heart sensitive in the extreme, and totally void of pride and affectation. I was delighted with her society, and congratulated myself on having made an acquaintance which promised me many hours of social pleasure and instruction; the more so, because I learnt from an intimate friend of hers, present, that she was really what she appeared to be, truly an ornament of her sex—a fond, affectionate wife, a kind and tender mother, discharging all the duties of life as became a woman and a christian. Among the party present was a number of ladies who appeared very assiduous in their courtesies to her. Meeting these ladies a few days after, in the course of conversation I mentioned the lady with

whom I had been so well pleased in the party.—'Lord, (says one,) she is no better than she should be.' 'Humph, (says another,) if some folks knew as much about some folks as I do, I guess people would not be so fond of running after her company.' 'Bless me, (says the third,) the creature cannot live without flattery, it is the very food she feeds on; withdraw it and she is in the dumps in a moment. Dear me, sir, have you not heard what terrible stories have been told about her? Why, I thought every body in the town knew it; to be sure I do not believe there is one word of truth in them; but then one does not like to be seen with one who has had such falsehoods circulated about them.' Thus they ran on for some time, when I stopped them with 'Pray, ladies, do you know of one single instance of misconduct that this lady has been guilty of?' All answered no.—'Do you believe (I ask you in the sincerity of my heart) that she was ever guilty of any unusual acts of impropriety?' All, 'w-h-y, no.' 'No—very well—I saw, the other evening, ladies, that you were all very complaisant and courteous towards her, appearing delighted when you caught her ear.' 'Yes, you know, sir, she keeps the best of company, and her society is much sought after; besides, we do not like to offend one who has the power to do us so much harm.' 'Well, why then do you slander her?' 'Slander, sir, pray do not misconceive us; we would not slander her for the world. O, sir, we never allow ourselves to slander any one. Of all people in the world we think a slanderer the most detestable. Really, sir, we think her a very *clever* lady; but then'—'But then—stop ladies—good morning.' L.

MOSCHETOES.

I was very tired, and went to bed about eleven.—It was a hot summer night, and so light was my room with the soft yellow beams of the moon, that it was long before I could win 'nature's sweet restorer' to mine eye-lids. As I am a gentleman of exceedingly thoughtful disposition, I was not at a loss for amusement. I began to run over the events of the day that was gone; and after some little preamble, my meditations gathered around the pretty form of a certain lady of our city, and I lulled myself into a gentle slumber by thinking of her. I lay for some time in that most luxurious state between sleeping and waking—just on the boundary line of mortality—with half my senses yet clinging to this earth, and the rest already beginning to rove in the lightness of freedom through the realms of fancy. I was indeed in a most delightful state of mind, and scarcely felt the couch that gave rest to my weary frame. Fairy visions, beautiful as the hues of the rainbow, floated in mine imagination. The conceptions of fancy embodied themselves; the very wishes of my waking moments were half accomplished; and I became, as it were, the mighty ruler of a world of mine own.—Sometimes I thought I was falling through the immensity of space, and passed by planets in my way;

but it was pleasant to me, and I seemed to be wheeling in graceful circles in the air, as in my younger days I have seen the eagle do, far away in the calm sky. Sometimes I thought I was sporting in the green meadow, romping and racing with the most lovely maidens I had ever beheld; and in a '*proh pudor*' I dreamed I was actually kissing Mrs. L.—In short, gentle reader, some kind spirit had lifted me far above the scenes of earthly degradation, and I was revelling in the gay pleasures of another world.

At length my fancy began to cut terrible capers; the pretty girls, the green meadows, and Mrs. L.—'s rosy lips passed away, and methought I beheld a battle. I stood upon the brow of a rugged mountain. The sea dashed and foamed on one side, and the crash of war arose on the other. The wind blew in roaring whirlwinds, and bore the white foam of the ocean in snowy wreaths along the air. The sky was blackening with clouds that rolled like a troubled ocean immediately over our heads. The lightning burst through the gloom in bright sheets of fire, or quivered in terrible lustre along the dark sky, as though its mighty vault had been rent in twain. The thunder cracked along the heavens with a noise as if ten thousand worlds had tumbled together and shivered in ruins. I turned my eye from the stormy clouds to gaze upon the fight. I saw warriors bestriding fiery horses; they rushed over the skringing bodies of the dying, and mingled their might in one terrible thunder of ruin. Sabres flashed; the thunder and the cannon shook the earth with their mingled tumult. Shrieks, shouts, and the clashing of arms sounded in mine ear, and I was about to fly away from the scene, when I saw, in the very midst of the battle, the form of a beautiful woman; her raven ringlets were streaming in the wind, and her white hands uplifted in terror at the desolation around. I was rushing to her relief, when I saw a huge ruffian approach to her side; he seized her silken ringlets, he tore them from her head, and, in the insolence of his triumph, dared to grasp her throat; and the shriek, that arose above the storm of war, was answered by a laugh. Another, and another, roughly seized the beautiful being, until I shouted revenge and rushed to her rescue. Many a bright blade flashed around me, many a swift bullet whizzed by mine ear, but I tore the falchion from the clenched hand of a dying wretch, and mingled in the battle. The lofty figures of mine enemies bore back at my approach. I cut my way to the terrified girl; and when she saw her brutal insulters gnashing their teeth at my feet, she sprang to my side, and clung to my bosom. A giant monster struck at her white forehead. I turned my wrath on him; his blade shivered into a thousand atoms; I cleaved his coward skull to the jaw, and he fell shrieking from his horse. Dreadful were my struggles; terrible was my revenge. I bore her back amidst the maddened fury of all around; sprang with my lovely burden

upon a fleet steed; the noble animal fled like the wind; the clouds disappeared as we rode; the sun shone again in bright cheerfulness; the birds sung music to our way, and in a few moments methought we were in the most beautiful countries I ever saw, and heard the clang of war only as some gentle breeze bore it at intervals to our ear.

Reader, reader, who shall tell the happiness of my bosom when I bore my pretty maiden from the saddle, and felt that we were free? Roses clustered in blushing wreaths around us, and perfumed breezes kissed away the drops that exertion had gathered to my brow. I looked upon the being I had rescued; and, looking, I loved. She smiled upon me; her lips parted; she was beginning to speak, when the voice of a distant trumpet broke upon our ears.—Nearer and more near came the fatal sound; sometimes breathing soft music, but as it approached it gave a long loud thundering twang, and—I awoke. The fairy scene vanished; but the sound of the trumpet continued. I lifted myself in my couch—and, gracious fathers! it was a Moscheto! a little vile, rascally Moscheto was flourishing, in all the glory of long legs and sharp sting, around the very pinnacle of mine unhappy nose!

Now, was ever such a misfortune? To be dragged down from the fairy realms of imagination; from blushing cheeks and blushing roses; from fame, and victory, and love, to be torn away from these pleasures by the humming of a Moscheto! at whose approach the enchanted spell was broken, and every vestige of my happy vision melted away; it was too bad; it was miserable. I lay upon my couch in a state of most pitiable melancholy, mourning over the sad certainty that I was only my poor humble self; that I had not been the wonder of the world; that I had not even *seen* a battle. I had not rescued lovely innocence from ruin; and instead of cleaving the brutal ruffian from his steed, I had been, in all human probability, flourishing away at my poor, unoffending bed-post, or beating, may hap, the meek and unresisting form of mine own pillow.

Pity me, indulgent reader; but do not laugh, when I assure you, upon my honor, I was exceedingly indignant; and what increased my passion to a most alarming degree, was the fact, that the little rascal kept humming about my face; now sailing round mine ear; then cutting a few flourishes about my nose; and sometimes, with the most perfect *sang froid*, alighting upon my very cheek. I struck my face with all my might, in hopes of crushing the intruder to death, but he escaped from the blows, and all their fury fell upon myself. I began to be outrageous, and had already fretted myself into a copious perspiration, when, to my inexpressible delight, the fury of the besieger abated; I heard his hum dying away in the distance; feebly, and more feebly, it just reached mine ear, and I could distinguish it no more.

I flung myself upon my pillow, and after a few moments repose, a gentle slumber began again to steal over my senses; mine eyes closed; the miseries of mankind were again passing rapidly from my recollection; my spirit again began to float through the realms of fancy and mingle with the visionary

wonders of the dreaming world. I was just forgetting myself and all my sorrows, when, '*terribile dictu*,' the approaching music of my long-legged friend was audible away off in the farthest corner of the room; and to my utter consternation, I could distinguish the varied hum of several of his companions. The persecuted Frenchman, when he beheld, for the fifth time, the everlasting phiz of his waggish pursuer, and exclaimed, in the miserable consternation of his half-broken heart, 'Begar, here's Monsieur Tonson come again,' did not feel half the vexation I experienced from my nocturnal visiter. In the name of comfort, thought I, when will my misfortunes end? Gently and playfully sported the little fellows before they thought fit, in their wisdom, to sit down to supper. They sailed round and round; now retiring, so as to flatter my mind with the vain hope that they were leaving me forever, and then coming boldly within an inch of my nose. Unhappy man, thought I, upon what trifles does your peace depend. I called my stoicism to my aid, and determined to sleep in spite of them. Yes, thought I, without opening mine eyes, for I was very sleepy, with all my vexation, I will not let so small a trouble cause a single sorrowful—I was interrupted in my soliloquy by a sharp sting on my forehead, upon which my philosophy and equanimity vanished, and I was compelled to act upon the defensive. I tried to catch some of them as they flew by me. I whirled around the clothes in the hopes of burying them in its folds.—Alas! alas! I had no sooner composed myself to rest again, under the foolish supposition that I had driven them away, than the same everlasting hum came whizzing about mine ears, and sailing in the most provoking composure around every feature of my face. I opened the window and doors of my room, and paced the floor in angry sleeplessness.—A gentle breeze came murmuring into the chamber, and bore away my tormentors. I looked out upon the silent world. The beautiful streaks of morning were just stretching along the eastern sky. I felt a little soothed by the beauty of the scene; my irritation gradually subsided; I flung myself again on my couch, and the bright beams of the morning sun awoke me from a refreshing slumber. When I arose, I happened to cast my eyes upon the white-washed ceiling, and there I beheld a Moscheto, reposing his delicate frame, after the fatigues of the night. I mounted a table and two chairs, softly and carefully raised my extended palm, and gave a most terrible slap. There was blood on the place when I got down, and happening to look in the glass, I found my teeth set together in a most revengeful manner.

F.

PLEASURES OF A MARRIED STATE.

Believe me, citizen Bachelor, never man yet received his full allowance, 'heaped up and running over,' of this life's joys, until it was measured out to him by the generous hand of a loving wife.

A man, with half an eye, may see, that I am not talking here of those droll matches, which, now and then, throw a whole neighborhood into a *wonderation*; where scores of good people are called together to eat mince pies, and to hear a blooming nymph

of fourteen promise to take, '*for better and for worse*,' an old icicle of four score! or to see the sturdy blooming youth lavishing amorous kisses on the shrivelled lips of his *great-grand-mother bride*! Oh, shameful lust of pelf! From such matches, good Lord deliver all true-hearted souls. For such matches have gone a great way to make those sweetest notes, 'husband and wife,' to sound prodigiously out o'tune. The old husband, after all his honey-moon looks, grunts a jealous bass, while young madam, wretched in spite of her coach and lute strings, squeaks a scolding treble; making, between them, a fine cat-and-dog concert of it for life.

But I am talking of a match of *true love*, between two persons, who, having *virtue* to relish the transports of a tender friendship, and *good sense* to estimate their infinite value, wisely strive to fan the delightful flame by the same endearing attentions which they paid to each other during the sweet days of courtship. If there be a heaven on earth, we must, (next to the love of God,) seek it in such a marriage of innocence and love! On the bright list of their felicity, I would set down, as

THE FIRST BLISS OF MATRIMONY.

The charming society, the tender friendship it affords.

Without a friend, it is not for man to be happy. Let the old Madeira sparkle in his goblets, and princely dainties smoke upon his table; yet, if he have to sit down with him, no friend of the love-beaming eye, alas, the banquet is insipid, and the cottager's 'dinner of herbs, where love is,' is to be envied.

Let the pelf-scraping Bachelor drive on alone in his solitary sulky; the Lord help the poor man, and send him good speed. But that's not my way of travelling; no, give me a sociable chaise, with a dear good angel by my side, the thrilling touch of whose sweetly folding arm may flush my spirits into rapture, and inspire a devotion suited to the place, that best devotion—gratitude and love!

Yes, the sweetest drop in the cup of life—is a friend; but where on earth is the friend that deserves to be compared with an affectionate wife? that generous creature, who, for your sake, has left father and mother, looks to you alone for happiness; wishes in your society to spend her cheerful days; in your beloved arms to draw her latest breath; and fondly thinks the slumbers of the grave will be sweeter when lying by your side! The marriage of two such fond hearts, in one united, forms a state of friendship, of all others, the most perfect and delightful. 'Tis a marriage of souls, of persons, of wishes, and of interests.

Are you poor—like another *self* she toils and saves to better your fortune. Are you sick—she is the tenderest of all nurses; she never leaves your bed-side; she sustains your fainting head, and strains your feverish cheeks to her dear anxious bosom. How luxurious is sickness with such a companion. Are you prosperous—it multiplies your blessings *ten thousand fold* to share them with one so beloved. Are you in her company—her very *presence* has the effect of the sweetest conversation, and her looks, though silent, convey a something to the heart, of which none, but happy husbands, have any idea. Are you going

abroad—she accompanies you to the door; the tender embrace; the fond lengthened kiss; the last soul-melting look—precious evidences of love—these go along with you; they steal across your delighted memory, soothing your journey, while dear, conjugal love gives transport to every glance at home, and sweetens every nimble step of your glad return.—There, soon as your beloved form is seen, she flies to meet you. Her voice is music; the pressure of her arms is rapture, while her eyes (heavens sweetest messengers of love) declare the tumultuous joy that heaves her generous bosom. Arm in arm she hurries you into the smiling habitation, where the fire, fair blazing, and, the vestment warm, the neat apartment and delicious repast, prepared by her eager love, fill your bosom with a joy too big for utterance.

WEEMS.

A ROGUE REWARDED.

Dr. Goldsmith used to frequent a tavern in London, where a weekly club was held by the literati of the day. One evening, on being set down there, he had a guinea and a shilling in his pocket, and being rather an absent character, he gave the coachman the guinea instead of the shilling. The Doctor repaired to the club room; the coachman drove away. Being called upon for a subscription, the Doctor threw his shilling upon the table, which he had imagined was a guinea; he soon perceived his mistake, and related the circumstance to the club. The company laughed, and the Doctor, in a violent rage, rushed out of the room to seek the coachman, but in vain. In the following week, when the club was full, and the Doctor enjoying his bottle, the waiter brought him word that a hackney coachman wanted to speak to him. After receiving some sarcastic advice from his friends to be cautious of his commerce with coachmen, he went down stairs, and was astonished to find it was the same individual who had drove him the preceding week. I have brought your guinea back, said the coachman, I knew your honor made a mistake; now some scoundrals would have pocketed the money, and have said nothing at all about the matter; but that's not my way, your honor; I thank God, if so be I'm poor, I'm honest; it wares well, as a body may say. My dear friend, exclaimed the Doctor, I honor and admire your principle; you will please wait here a few minutes. Upon which the Doctor marched up stairs and told the story with all those rapturous blandishments which a poetic mind on such an occasion will beget in a good heart. He finally urged them to a subscription, as a proper reward for singular honesty in the lower ranks of life. It was generously complied with, to the amount of fifty shillings. The good but credulous man ran off with the collection to the descendant of Paxton, poured it into his hat, and after affectionately embracing and blessing him, was returning up stairs to his convivial friends, with that enviable and sublime satisfaction which every man feels after the performance of a good action; he entered the room with triumph, his friends welcomed him with a peal of laughter; alas, it was at the Doctor's expense. The guinea which the rascal had pretended to return was a counterfeit!

CAUTION.

Some caution is requisite in passing our opinion upon strangers; a caution, however, which few of us adopt. At a public levee, at the court of St. James, a gentleman said to Lord Chesterfield—Pray, my Lord, who is that tall, awkward woman, yonder? That lady, sir, replied Lord Chesterfield, is *my sister*. The gentleman reddened with confusion, and stammered out, no, no, my Lord, I beg your pardon: I mean that very ugly woman who stands next to the Queen. That lady, sir, answered Lord Chesterfield, calmly, that lady, sir, is *my wife*.



POETRY.

[ORIGINAL AND SELECTED.]

FOR THE LADIES MUSEUM.

TO ALBERT.

Ah, Albert, dear Albert, one favor I claim
Of thee, and that is to *alter my name*;
Yes, by doing this you will please me much more
Than by any other act which lies in your power.

For, often and often, as fickle as the wind,
Have been the weak minds of those I've esteem'd;
But such, sometimes, has been the conduct of me,
And now I begin my *folly to see*.

It is for this reason I've less cause to complain,
For my *conduct* has been such as is the *cause* of my
pain;

And it adds to my grief to think you have known
A sorrow so hopeless, so sad as my own.

Believe me, my heart in fulness partakes
Of the wish that my sorrowful breast now awakes;
And I pray that kind heaven this one boon may lend,
And that you, ere long, may be my *best friend*.

Ah! the one I have slighted is now cold and dead,
And damp is the turf that pillows his head;
And wounded humanity weeps to reflect,
That he's gone to his grave—the cause was *neglect*.

Oh! the death of dear Joseph, it wounded my heart,
I truly can say, that it grieved me to part;
And often the scene of memory will glow,
And light up anew my half-suppressed woe.

I can fancy I see, on his death-stricken face,
His love-beaming looks, which are easy to trace;
But never, to me, will his *soft smile* return,
Unless we should meet on the *resurrection morn*!

MATILDA.

EPIGRAM.

It is a maxim in the schools,
That women always doat on fools:
If so, dear Jack, I'm sure your wife
Must love you as she does her life.

THE ORPHAN.

[WRITTEN BY A YOUTH IN NEW-LONDON.]

At the foot of a mountain, whose grey rocky brow
Cast its shadows at morn on the waters below,
Near the bank of the ocean, embower'd in a wood,
The cot of my father in loneliness stood.

There mirth is all hushed and no sound hails the
shore,

Save the howl of the wolf and the waves solemn roar;
And there, though the home of my youth is not seen,
Oblivion still pauses o'er scenes that have been.

And there, for memorial, pale roses still bloom;
There the tall weeping willow still waves o'er the
tomb

Where my father and mother both mingle in dust,
As their souls are now join'd in the realms of the just.

They are gone, are free from terrestrial woes,
And now drink of the bliss that eternally flows;
But their son, a lorn orphan, unpitied, must roam,
Not a solace but grief, not a friend, and no home.

Like a bark on the sea, midst the surge of the wave,
I am lost by despair—and would welcome the grave,
As the haven of peace, where our sorrows are o'er,
Where the weary shall rest and be troubl'd no more.

In the morn of existence, untroub'd by care,
I thought not of grief or the orphan's despair;
Knew not that the roses of pleasure must die,
Nor that tempests of sorrow were forming so nigh,
To o'ercast the bright morning of pleasure and joy,
And involve all the hopes of the young orphan boy.

How transient, alas, were the joys of my youth,
Tho' each tho't seem'd to speak the pure language
of truth;

All, all was illusion as fleet as the wind,
And has fled and left nothing but sorrow behind.

ALPIN.

SONG.

TUNE—'I won't be a Nun.'

My friends often tell me that I ought to get a wife
To be the sharer of my fortune, the solace of my life;

But I won't get a wife,
No, I won't get a wife;
I'm sorry to refuse them, but I won't get a wife.

I fear that if I link myself to matrimony's chain,
That I'd fix myself forever, and ne'er be free again;

So I won't get a wife,
No, I won't get a wife;
I'm too fond of freedom to be coupled with a wife.

Another reason is, a wealthy one won't do,
And for me it would be folly any other one to woo;

So I won't get a wife,
No, I won't get a wife;
I'm too fond of quiet to be scolded out of life.

But I fear not cupid's chain, much less a woman's strife,
My best and only reason is—I *can't* get a wife;

Oh, I can't get a wife,
No, I can't get a wife;
My best and only reason is—I *can't* get a wife.

On the Marriage of a singing swain to a Miss All-chin.

The Parson approach'd—trig Tommy was tied,
Then breath'd for a month o'er the lips of his bride;
Like Eve, our first mother, ere tarnish'd with sin,
Look'd the pure lovely Lucy no longer *all-chin*.

But the honey-moon flew—some squabbles arose,
That stole from her cheek both the lilly and rose:
Her tongue lash'd poor Tom as the waves do the shore:

By day 'twas a gale, and at night she would shore.

Deep sadness o'ercast the brow of sad Tommy,
Not a smile had his cheek, nor his tongue once a *dam-me*:

With up-lifted hands, 'curs'd, (said he,) be the law
Which tied me to *All-Chin*, which thus proves *All-Jaw*.'

TRUE LOVE.

[The following beautiful lines were found in the Port Folio of Henry Morton, after his death. He, it seems, had formed an early and unfortunate attachment to a young lady, who married another, with whom she lived very unhappy until her death, which occurred soon after. Morton survived her but a few months, and died of a broken heart.]

I saw thee wedded—thou didst go

Within the sacred aisle,

Thy young cheeks in a blushing glow;

Betwixt a tear and smile.

Thy heart was glad in maiden glee—

But he it lov'd so fervently

Was faithless all the while;

I hate him for the vow he spoke,

I hate him for the vow he broke.

I hid the love that could not die,

Its doubts, and hopes, and fears,

And buried all in misery,

In secrecy and in tears;

And days passed on and thou didst prove

The pang of unrequited love,

E'en in thine early years;

And thou didst die, so fair and good!

In silence and in solitude!

While thou wert living, I did hide

Affections secret pains;

I'd not have shock'd thy modest pride

For all the world contains;

But thou hast perish'd, and the fire

That often check'd could ne'er expire,

Again unbidden reigns;

It is no crime to speak my vow,

For, ah! thou canst not hear it now.

Thou sleep'st beneath thy lowly stone,

That dark and dreamless sleep;

And he, thy lov'd and chosen one,

Why goes he not to weep?

He does not kneel where I have knelt,

He cannot feel what I have felt,

The anguish, still and deep;

The painful thought of what hath been,

The canker-worm that is not seen.

But I—as o'er the dark blue wave

Unconsciously I ride,

My thoughts are hovering o'er thy grave,

My soul is by thy side.

There is *one* voice that wails thee yet,

One heart that cannot e'er forget

The visions that have died;

And aye that form is buried there,

A doubt—an anguish—a despair!

LADIES MUSEUM.

PROVIDENCE, SATURDAY, SEPT. 10, 1825.

"A WOLF IN SHEEP'S CLOTHING."

We learn by the Portland Argus, that a few days since, while the constables of that town were in search of a lad who had previously stolen money of a Mr. Dow, they discovered a *Boy*, apparently 17 or 18 years of age, of rather a suspicious appearance, loitering about the outskirts of the town, who, on being questioned, feigned himself in a state of intoxication. On being taken, however, and subjected to an examination, this person proved to be a *Female*! It was ascertained that she had worked in that town for some months in men's cloths, and had called herself Charles Trefeathering. She has been sent to the house of correction.

AFFECTING INCIDENT.

An interesting account is given in a late foreign paper of a young man, who, some time since, took up his residence in a Scottish village, much celebrated for its delightful situation and mineral waters. During his stay he succeeded in gaining the affections of a very amiable young girl, daughter of the person with whom he lodged. He told her he was a younger branch of a most respectable family in the north of Scotland; and that, owing to some domestic misfortunes, he was then in a kind of exile from his father's house. By this representation he had the address to draw money, to a considerable amount, from the affectionate and trusting girl. At length, pretending business, he took leave, solemnly pledging to return in a few weeks, and make her his wife. About three months after his departure, a letter was delivered to her, dated from a Jail in the south of Scotland. It proved to be from her lover, and stated that a short time after leaving her, he had, from necessity, contracted a trifling debt, and had been thrown into prison; at the same time entreating her, as she valued his regard, to relieve him from a situation so unpleasant. The faithful girl, listening only to the dictates of her love, set off immediately, with all the money she could procure, to give him liberty. In an inclement season, through a country with which she was unacquainted, she at length reached the place of her destination. With a slow and feeble step she proceeded upwards in the principal street, but found it impossible to advance, owing to an immense crowd of people to witness the punishment of a criminal. She stepped on the stairs leading to a shop, and involuntarily turning her eyes upon the poor wretch, writhing under the lash of the executioner, beheld the object of her tender solicitude. A large placard was placed upon his breast, intimat-

ing that the punishment was for the crime of theft. In a state of insensibility she sunk into the arms of one of the by-standers, and has since become distracted.

New subscribers for the *LADIES MUSEUM* can have the numbers from the commencement of the volume, at one dollar and fifty cents per annum, by paying the same within three months from the time of subscribing.



MARRIED,

In this town, on the 24th ult. by Rev. Mr. Wilson, Mr. Aaron Thayer, Jr. to Miss Mary-Ann Beers.

In Smithfield, by Rev. Mr. Gano, Mr. William H. Cooke, to Miss Caroline Jencks, daughter of John Jencks, Esq. of Smithfield.

In Foster, on Sunday evening last, Rev. John Adams, of Killingly, Conn. to Mrs. Esther Jones, of Foster.

In Cranston, by the Rev. Mr. Tatem, Mr. Nehemiah K. Aldrich to Miss Sarah B. Branch, all of that place.

In South-Kingstown, on Thursday morning week, by Rev. Mr. Brown, Mr. George Nichols to Miss Sarah B. Gardner.



DIED,

In this town, 31st ult. Mr. Thomas Cranston, aged about 80 years.

On Sunday morning last, Avisia Eliza, infant daughter of Mr. Thomas B. Fenner.

On Sunday night last, Miss Sarah M'Neal, daughter of Mr. John M'Neal, in her 21st year.

On Saturday last, Miss Mary Elizabeth, daughter of Mr. Samuel Rawson, in her 15th year.

On Tuesday, Mrs. Mary Wardwell, aged 63, wife of Mr. Stephen Wardwell.

On Tuesday, Edward Augustus, son of Mr. Abraham Stillwell, aged 10 months.

At Fall-River, Miss Elizabeth Valentine, eldest daughter of William Valentine, Esq. of this town, aged 32 years.

In Cranston, Mr. Zuriel Waterman, aged seventy-three years.

In Wrentham, Ms. Aug. 24, Mrs. Nancy Sayles, wife of Mr. Duty Sayles, in her 27th year.

In Cranston, on Friday morning week, Mr. Ezekiel Sarle, aged 78.

In Newport, Mrs. Hannah Chace, widow of Capt. Samuel Chace.